

she replied, "I do not recognize you."

"He is, I hope, on his way to South America. If I knew exactly where I

Smead laughed. "Well, you are wast-

ing your time. He has lied to us all neatly. He went away with the gems

stowed in his pocket. Fine reforma-

"Did you ever hear of the emeralds

of the Princess Xenia, so called?" add-

ed Smead. He could at least twist their hearts a bit if nothing more.

"Yes. He left a note for me," inter-rupted Diana, "telling me what he did

"And if he has the jewels he has

"Yours? Stole them from you, his

"Perhaps he only took them," she

"Mr. Smead," said Dians, "I was born

at sea, and my mother was buried at

stateroom below, calling for you, calling for you, you told the steward not

to bother you. You were busy play-

ing cards in the smokeroom on deck.

There is a burial at sea between you

and me, Mr. Smead. These are the

last words I shall ever speak to you." Cranford stepped to the door and

Right about face, with never a glance

"Simmons," said the very old man, "I hate that man greater than all the

a son-in-law he would have made born

"I am tired, and my arm aches," said

"Grandchild, I am a very old, 'very

lonely man. I have brought my pride

was wrong and miss was right. I

want young people in my house. I want to hear laughter, music, coming

the man I love, whatever he says."

have. Why waste all this time?"-

Sundays to dine at Mr. Wynne's."

"But she is bound to inherit what I

"Let'us compremise," interposed the

suave Simmons. "Small birthday and

Christmas gifts and Thursdays and

Diana looked up at Cranford, and he

Then they both laughed, and the

cackled, and the young woman with

"To that we agree," said Cranford.

And then Uncle Billy came rushing

From under his arm he took the gray

With trembling fingers he unscrewed

the caps. 'A silvery cascade poured into Diana's hap-pearls, pearls, pearls! "That was the wall I could not get

over. I knew not how they were go-

ing to smuggle them in. Cran, these

belonged to Frances' mother. Uncle

you would have had to report them,

and they might have been confiscated."

"Of course he did! Uncle Billy?"

married this afternoon.'

your company as best man."

Whut d'y' know 'bout that?"

ber hase toward Pidgin island.

A Pitched Battle.

"From the viewpoint of an innocent

bystander," philosophically remarked

the old codger, "I believe that the

keenest competition I know of occurs

when two chronic dyspeptics get to-

gether and compare their symptoms."

War Lances.

The war lance of the middle ages

Cold Proposition.

Boston.-Yonkers Statesman.

all the way to America."

Hubb - Meet any icebergs coming

"Quiet, children, quiet!" says the German mother in Fliegende Blatter

"Father is tired to death. 'He wrote a

letter today that will go so very far-

"Lover!" she whispered.

-Judge.

amination.-Mencius.

"Diana," said the wife, "he meant it."

cotton casings and shook forth the

"Hey, Miss Wynne, I got 'em!"

out of its corners."

looked down at her.

the tragic eyes smiled.

into the parlor.

butts of two rods.

bounty.

sea. And while she lay dying in the

"All men are not rogues."

certain rights to them. They were

"Where's Donald?" he asked.

should not tell you."

"That is not true."

He appraised her critically.

tion that!"

Smead coldly.

with them."

modified.

opened it.

mine," said Frances.

wife?" said Smead.

(Continued.) mer was ne gone than the woman who had denied his hand flew wildly to the door and stopped before her hand touched the knob.

"No no, Frances!" cried Diana. The man on the veranda paused. "But I cannot let him carry away that lie. I might never see him again. "Do not call him back. He must have something to fight for, to win back. He knows. He has the keenest eye and the quickest mind of any man I know."

Frances turned and ran swiftly back to her room, closing the door violently. Diana looked sadly at the bowed man in the chair. The knowledge that she was the daughter of the notorious Smead had crushed him.

"Mr. Cranford, are you ill?" "I don't know. I'm afraid to move. I shall fall down." Diana touched the bell. "Some cold

chicken and a glass of milk. Have you any port wine in the house?" Yes, Miss Wynne."

"Martha, bring me the wine first. That'll set me up till I can get back to the hotel. Will you have them hitch up the team? I feel pretty weak."

He sipped the wine, and shortly the glow of it permeated his veins. He set

the glass under the chair and smiled. Diana was not expecting that smile, for it was warm and friendly. "You were to call me Cran," he said.

"Cran, I am sorry." "Sorry for what? Who was that young woman?" "My brother's wife."

You told me you were married." "No, Cran; I told you that I could not marry any man-any man I might with to marry. Can I-Michael Smend's daughter-a notorious gambler, a man without feeling or kindness or truth or honor—my father?"

He got up and steadied himself by colding on to the chair. "I must look pretty well banged up. Will you marry ze, Diana?" 'No' quietly. "Smead's daughter

Diana. cannot marry a man of your station." If only he knew how desperately she was fighting! She wanted him-wantto you and laid it at your feet. If ed his head on her breast, close to her your mother had come to me at any heart—wanted to run her fingers through his tousted hair—wanted him! time God is witness I would have taken her in my arms. But she was proud, "Come; supposing I took you at your too proud to admit that her judgment word and married you. Could you introduce me to your friends? I am

"In heaven's name, why not?" His hand slipped from the chair and he crossed the room unsteadily. "Look at me in the eyes, Diana, and tell me you will not marry me."

"I will not marry you, Cran." Her eyes looked up into his, bravely and unwaveringly. "It is rather cruel of unwayeringly. "It is rather cruel of you. I'm helpless; I cannot get up and leave you."

"Do you want to leave me?"

"Repeat after me," he said, "I do not love you. She was silent.

"What is your father to me-friends? Out of the world somewhere you have come to me, and I shall not let you go. Will you wreck your life and mine over auch a silly phantom?"
"Please go," she begged.
"I'd be a fine lover, wouldn't I?

shall stay here till the sun rises unles you tell me one way or the other." Lover! The kind a woman dreams of-waits for.

A smile quivered on her lips, and he saw it. He seized her hand, turned it palm upward and pressed it against his face. After a moment he look-"You can't say it?"

"You don't want me to go?"

"Will you marry me?" "I ought not to, but I will-whenever you wish." And to make the surrender if you had stumbled upon them earlier complete she drew his head tightly to her heart and laid her cheek upon it.

Smead turned the note over and over in his hand. His cigar went from one corner of his mouth to the other. Occasionally a small wave slapped mischievously against the gunwale and splashed his knees.

His teeth sank into the tobacco. The young fool would be back quickly enough when his money gave out: Still he ought not to have been so rough with him that day in Kingston. But the cool banter of the boy had maddened him.

Suddenly his teeth met with a click. and the cigar bounded and rolled down his chest to the bottom of the boat.

Played! He knew now. The boy had them. Possession had given him this courage. A quarter of a million, and South America, where no one would ask questions!

Played! Diana should tell him where the boy had gone, and, if it was the last thing he ever did, he would find him. Played all along; actually made

At the farm he called for Miss Smead. There was nobody there by that name. "Perhaps it is Miss Wynne you wish

Wynne So she had taken her moth er's name?

"I am her father. I wish to see her." Cranford, the smiling old aristocrat (though at this moment his face was grave enough), the lawyer and a young voman he did not know, were standlug behind Diana's chair.

Smead looked keenly at his daugh ter's face. She was as beautiful as over her mother had been. The sight over on the steamer? Gotham-Well, yes; I was introduced to a girl from of her stirred nothing in his heart, no

tender quickening, no regret. "I wish to see you alone," he said "Whatever you may have to say to

me must be said in the presence of my friends," she replied Straight from the shoulder. He nod-ded with appreciation. "I am your

Bits of Byplay By Luke McLuke

Copyright, 1915, the Cincinnati Enquirer

Willie-Paw, can a woman keep a se cret? Paw-She can keep it going, my son. Maw-Willie, you go to bed.

Paw Knows Everything.

Advice. This good advice old Luke commends, So listen to it, sonny: If you would always keep your friends, Just let them keep their money.

The Wise Fool. "A listener never hears any good of himself," observed the sage. "Not unless he talks into a phone graph," corrected the fool.

Stung, by Heck! "And who might you be?" inquired "The government ought to get after them smart city chaps," said Si Green "I am Donald's wife," answered as he tore up the letter he had just received.

"What's the matter now?" asked the postmaster. "I saw an advertisement that said

that for \$2 they would tell you how to make butter from grass," replied Si Green. "So I sent the \$2 and I got back a card that says, 'After you get the grass ready feed it to a cow and then churn the milk."

Aw, Gwan! She can't be very cold, I know,
And yet I see her shiver;
The poor girl has just found a beau,
And now she's all a-quiver.

The Thrifty Widow. Mr. Editor-I desire to thank the friends and neighbors most heartily in this manner for their co-operation during the illness and death of my late husband, who escaped from me by the hand of death last Saturday. To my friends and all who contributed toward making the last minutes comfortable and the funeral a success I desire to remember most kindly, hoping that these few lines will find them enjoying the same blessing. I have also a good back, into the open, down the path to milk, cow and a roan gelding horse the dock went Smead.

milk cow and a roan gelding horse eight years old, which I will sell cheap. God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform. He plants his hatreds in my life combined, yet what footsteps on the sea and rides upon the storm. Also black and white shoat cheap .- A Pennsylvania Exchange.

> Names is Names. Learned Hand is a judge of the New York district court.

A Sure Cure. There once was a fellow named Gazzum, Who alarmed all his friends by a spasm, But they gave him to read
Luke McLuke's daily screed,
And now he almost never has 'em.

-Newark (O.) Advocate.

Thanx For the Warning! and going. I want the ghosts driven KILL THAT FLY NOW. Hit him in his young and sturdy manhood before he becomes a grand-"Grandfather, I am going to marry mother thirty-six hours hence,-Rome "Mr. Wynne," said Cranford, "I have (N. Y.) Roman. but little, yet I believe that little will suffice. I could not live on my wife's

Huhl-He surely is a lazy pup,
His actions make me frown;
He waits for something to turn up,
And always gets turned down. The Million Dollar Mystery.

Dear luke I go to call on a nice girls some times I have a frind with me as thare is two girles and ther mother is allway in the way she seams yonger grandfather laughed, and Simmons, than the girls this is a nice famly Pleas give your idays in Sunday paper as we have a big time reading your idays .- Regular Reader.

Things to Worry About.
The cannibals of New Guinea eat hu-

up the loudest holler when a newspaper spells his name wrong.

Sam has had his tithes long ago. But her head and used to say, "Dear me,

Most of the men folks have a little respect for the aurora borealis. But a woman can wear a pink hat, a yellow "Mr. Cranford and I are going to be coat, a red waist and a green skirt and feel perfectly serene. "And Mr. Cranford," said the owner The best way to keep a secret is to of that name, "desires the pleasure of

forget it. "By jings!" exclaimed Uncle Billy. Diana took Cranford's hand and laid

it against her cheek and stared out of the window through the late Septemmarried chaperons. Never despise the little things. The flea can bite harder than the elephant.

> be bought in for 30 cents. Many a man who is a fire eating bear cat when he is downtown is a meek little tumblebug when he gets home. The man who never speaks ill of women or religion may not have a boiled shirt and a pair of kid gloves, but he is a gentleman just the same. Before he gets her he wonders why

The man who is always yelping that

every man has his price can usually

nature neglected to give her wings and a halo. After he gets her he discovers The old fashioned man who was known as an old crank now has a son

was about sixteen feet long. The present day lance rarely exceeds elevwho has a self starting grouch. When two women happen to hate the same people they are always bosom There is no greater delight than to friends. te conscious of sincerity on self ex-

Italy's Parliament reconvened.

The Westinghouse Machine Co. of Pittsburgh, received an order from a foreign government for the equipment of four torpedo boat destroyers with steam turbines.

Capt. B. F. Judson, former post-master of Saratoga, N. Y., and well known in northern New York, died at Saratoga. He was 88 years of age.

XMAS ROPING AND WREATHS OF LAUREL JOHN RECK & SON.

Guaranty Trust Co. of New York declared the regular quarterly dividend of 6 per cent and an extra divi-

Four locomotives for freight service were ordered from the American Locomotive Co. by the Boston & Albany Railroad.

President Wilson and Mrs. Galt will eceive as a wedding gift a box of world-champion apples from the town of Brewster, Wash XMAS ROPING AND WREATHS OF

JOHN RECK & SON.

THE Bridgeport Trust COMPANY

Final Payments on Christmas Club Due December 7th

The final payment on Christmas club memberships must be made, not later than Dec. 7th, in order to qualify for interest.

All members who have made payment as prescribed, will receive a check with interest added, at the rate of 2 per cent per annum. Those who have not completed their payments, will receive checks for the amount paid in dur-

ing the year. CHECKS WILL BE MAILED ON OR ABOUT DEC. 15th.

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The wages of sin are publicity.

Luke McLuke Says:

The man who isn't known when he gets out of his own house always puts up the loudest holler when a new year.

how severe he has had it, as there are very few cases that have not yielded and been thoroughly cured with it. It works at once. In twenty-four hours it stops the pain. Don't take our word for it—test it at our expense. This is not a new untried thing. For twenty-five years it has been regarded by physicians as practically the only certain treatment for this terrible dis-

10.000 Testimonials Like The per spells his name wrong.

What has become of the old fashioned grandma who carried her specs on that, "Although a sufferer from rheumatism for many years two doses stopped all pain and one bottle cured

Mr. A. Goldman. Victoria. Texas, says: "I am very well pleased with your medicine; am recommending it very highly. It has done more for me than anything I have ever tried." wery highly. It has done more for me than anything I have ever tried."

Marshall F. W. Geraty, of 70 Manhattan St., New York, says: "I have suffered with rheumathm for many tried almost ever tried almost every Every man admits that he is foolish at times, but he is always glad that he isn't as foolish as other men.

Some men get hitched and are deeply surprised to discover that they have married chapters.

Some men get hitched and are deeply surprised to discover that they have married chapters.

at most drug stores at \$1.00 per bot-tle. One bottle generally effects a complete cure. Call or send for free sample bottle and booklet at once. There is no greater service you can perform for humanity than to tell any pheumatic sufferer about this wonder-ful preparation. Address: Hill Medi-cine Co., 117 East 24th St., New York,

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STATE OF CONNECTICUT, DISTRICT OF BRIDGEPORT, SS., PROBATE COURT.

Sept. 13, 1915. Estate of John Reilly, late of the wn of Bridgeport in said district deceased.

The Court of Probate for the Dis-trict of Bridgeport, hath limited and allowed six months from the date hereof for Creditors of said Estate to exhibit their claims for settlement. Those who neglect to present their accounts, properly attested, within said time, will be debarred a recovery. All persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate pay-ELLEN REILLY,

Administratrix. By Lavery and Finkelstone.



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